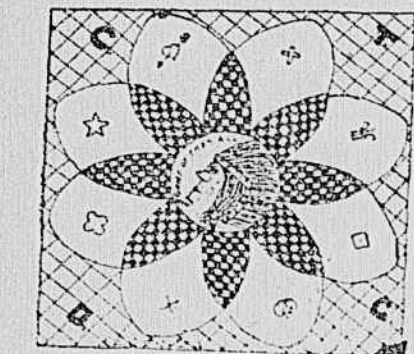


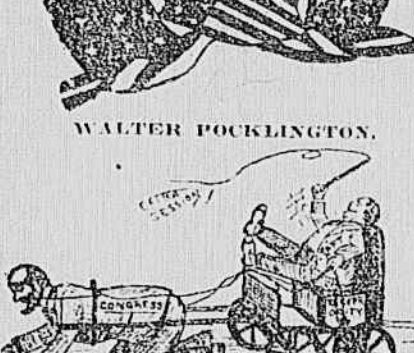
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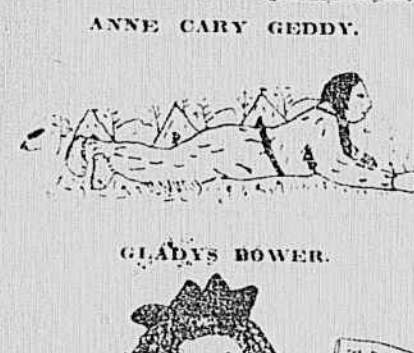
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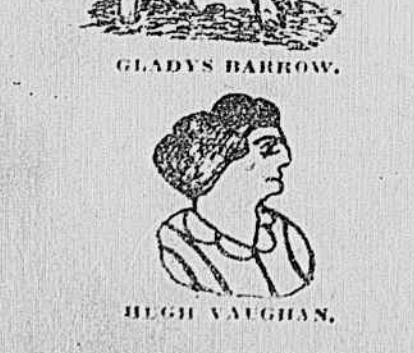
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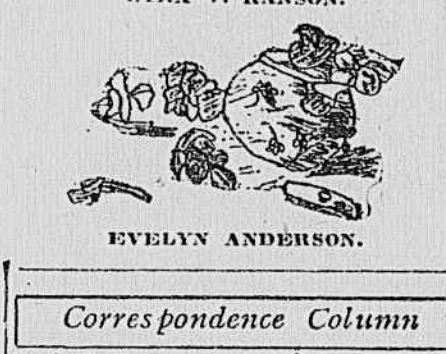
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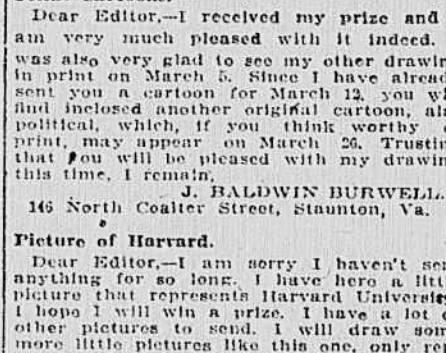
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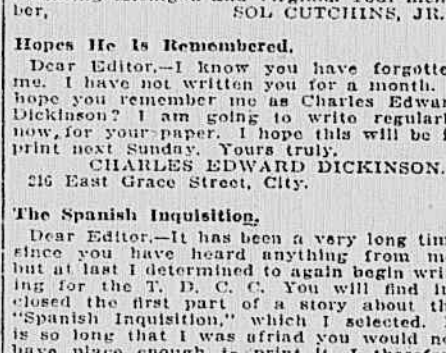
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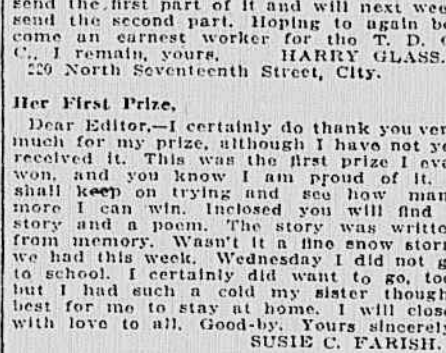
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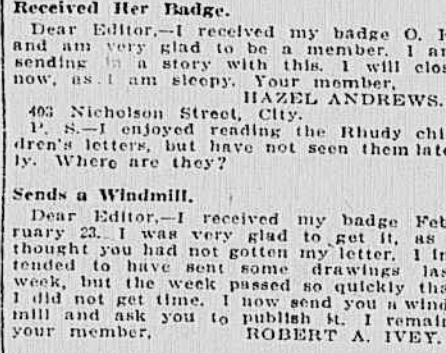
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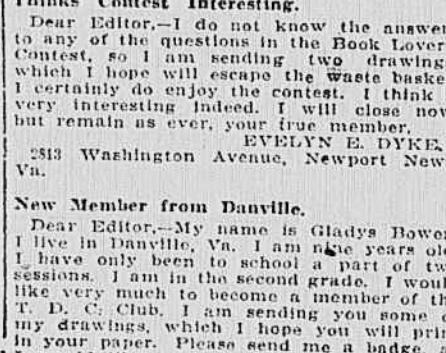
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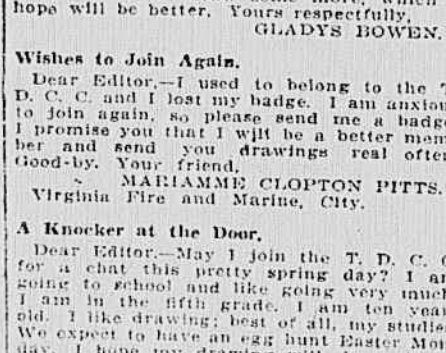
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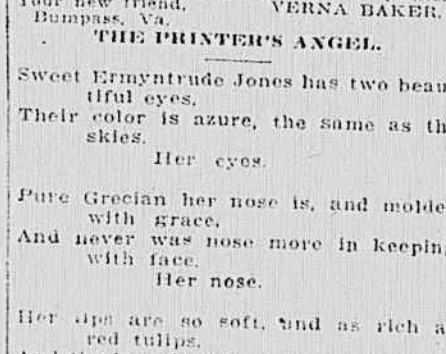
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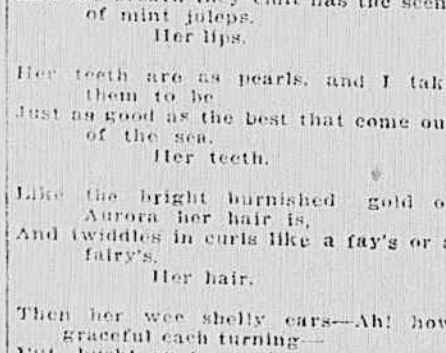
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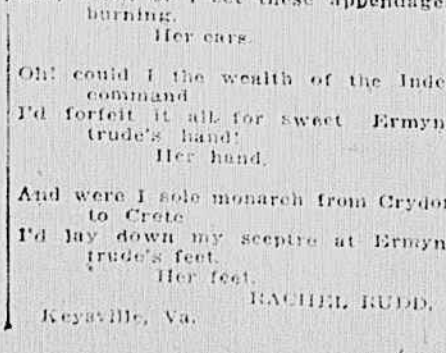
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"What's the matter, Charlie?" inquired his mother, when she saw the tears running down his cheeks.

ROVER AND THE BAGS OF GOLD.

Rover was a brown spaniel with long silken ears. He followed his master everywhere, and would often run errands as cleverly as a small child.

One day Rover and his master started out for a long journey through the woods. Across the saddle of the horse were thrown two bags of gold. After they had rode quite a distance and the sun had risen high in the heaven, Rover's master stopped to rest. He jumped off the horse, tied him, and then threw the bags of gold upon the ground. "Rover," said he, "I am going to sleep for a little while, you must guard the gold."

Rover laid his head on one of the bags and pricked up his ears so as to hear the slightest sound. After a while he caught his master had slept enough and licked his face to awaken him. The sun was getting low in the west, and there was no time to lose. The man jumped on his horse and went galloping down the road. But Rover acted so strangely, he snapped at the horse's heels and even tried to bite his master's shoe. The man, thinking Rover was mad, drew his pistol and shot. Poor Rover fell, but soon he regained consciousness and started up the road where his master had been asleep, after awhile the man felt for his bags of gold and could not find them. He rode back and found Rover, almost dead, lying with his head on one of the bags. He had been faithful at the risk of his life. He was taken home, tenderly cared for, and lived to a ripe, old age.

SUSIE C. FARISH,
317 W. Marshall Street, City.

THE ANT AND THE GLASSHOPPER.

Once a little ant was storing some food away for winter and met a grasshopper. The grasshopper said, "What are you doing?" The ant replied, "I am storing some food away for winter."

The grasshopper said, "Winter is a long time from here. Now come on an chirp with me and don't fool away your time like that." Oh, no! You come and store away food for winter with me, or, no! I won't," said the grasshopper, so the ant went on with his work.

Soon winter came, and then the grasshopper said, "Oh, I see you were right to store food away when you have a plenty." The ant lived through the winter and the grasshopper had no food and died.

From your member,
ARTHUR C. CRAWFORD,
De Witt, Va.

THE PIG BROTHER.

There was once a little boy who was untidy. He left his books on the floor and his muddy boots on the table. He was really very untidy.

One day the tidy Angel went into his nursery. "This will never do," said the angel. "This room is too untidy for a boy to live in. You must go out and stay with your brother. I will put away your playthings and sweep the floor."

"I have no brother!" said the child. "You say he's around the corner. I may not know him, but he will know for him. He will soon come." "I haven't any brother," said the child. But he went out into the garden all the same. Very soon a squirrel came along, whisking his tail. "Are you my brother?" asked the child. The squirrel looked at him with his little bright eyes.

"No, indeed!" he said. "My fur is clean and smooth, my nest is well made, and I am teaching my little ones to gather nuts. How can you ask such a thing of me? He whisked off, and the child waited. In a little while a little wren came hopping by. "Are you my brother?" asked the child. "No, indeed," said the wren. "You will find no one in the garden tidier than I am. A feather is out of place, and my eggs are smooth and beautiful. Your brother—the very best! He hopped away and the child waited.

By and by a large turkey came along. "Are you my brother?" asked the child. "Go and look at yourself in a glass," said the turkey, and, "and you will know well enough. I have been washing myself in the sun all the morning. There is no one dirtier than I am in my family. I am happy to say." He walked on, waving his tail, and the child waited.

Very soon a pig came trotting along. "Hello, brother!" he said. "I am not so dirty as you are. Oh, yes, you are!" said the pig. "I know you must live in the piggery in the orchard. Come along and have a good roll with me in the barnyard. There is some lovely black mud there." "I don't like to roll in mud," said the child. "Well that to the hens," said the pig brother. "Look at your hands, and your shoes, and your coat."

"Come along, I say. You may have some of my supper if there is more than I want." "I don't want any of your supper," said the little boy, and he began to cry. Just then the tidy Angel came out.

"Your playroom is clean now," she said. "You must stay as is. Will you go with your pig brother or with me and be a tidy child?"

"With you, with you!" cried the child, and he clung to the angel's dress. The pig brother grunted. "There will be all the more supper for me," he said, and he trotted on.

If you want to be a tidy child keep yourself clean and nice; if you don't want to be an untidy child keep yourself dirty. For my part I had rather be a tidy child, wouldn't you?

ESTELLE NANCE,
815 Hull Street, South Richmond.

ONE WAY TO PROMOTION.

On the march to Moscow one day Napoleon's hat blew off, and a young lieutenant, who was near, picked it up and returned it to the Emperor.

"Thank you, captain," said Napoleon, absent, not noticing the officer's rank.

"In what regiment, sire?" asked the lieutenant quickly.

The Emperor was so pleased with the ready report that he promoted the officer at an early opportunity.

FRANK PARATER,
2115 Jefferson Avenue.

MY BEST FRIEND.

My best friend is a dog. His name is Teddy, and he is named for my ex-president.

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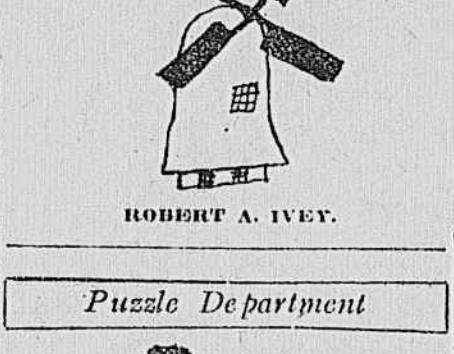
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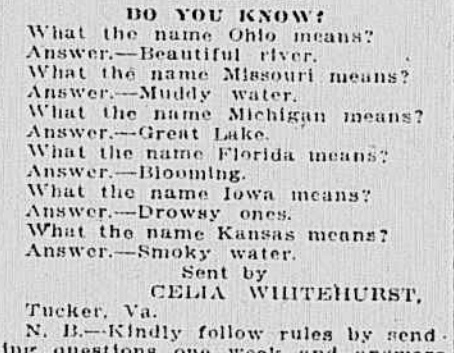
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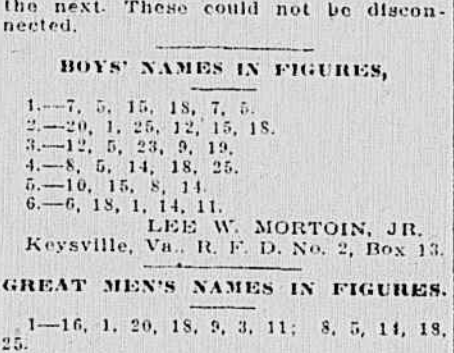
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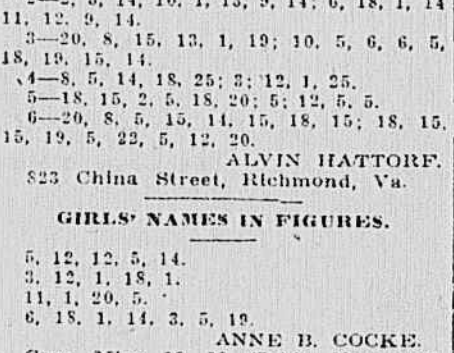
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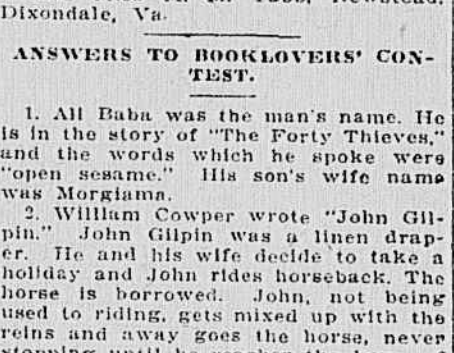
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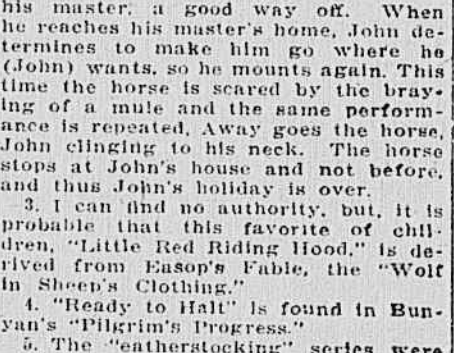
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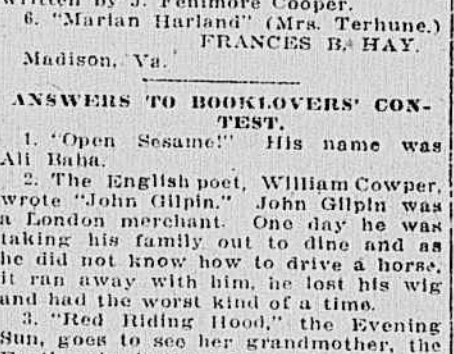
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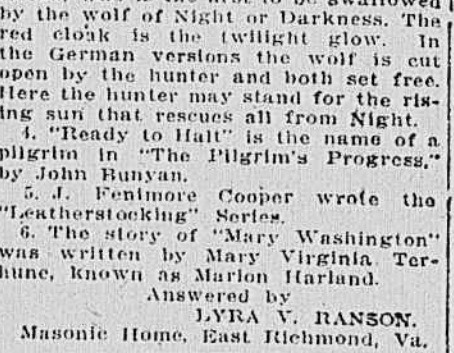
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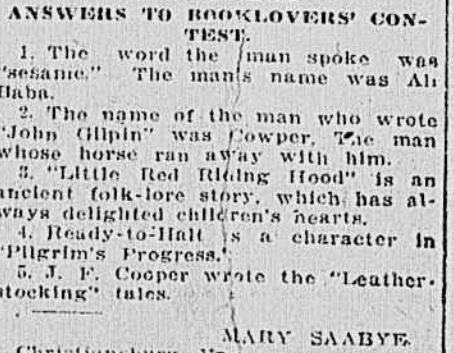
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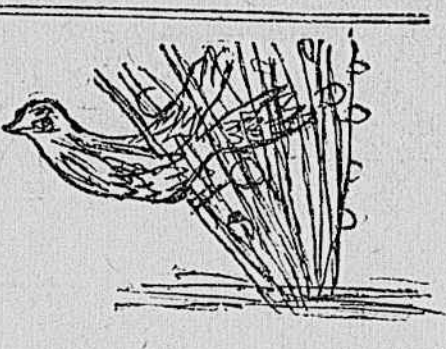
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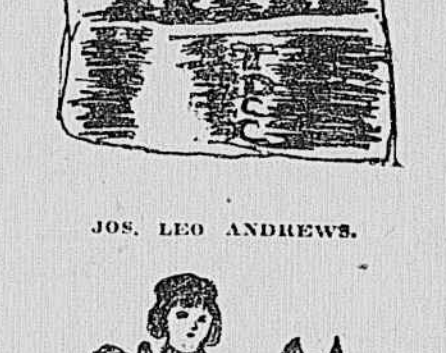
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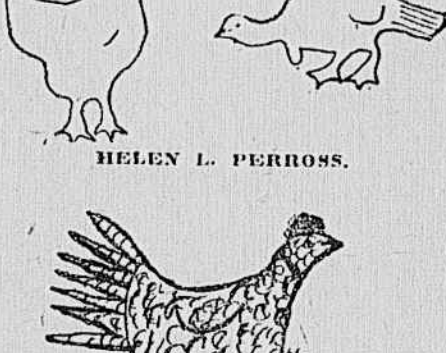
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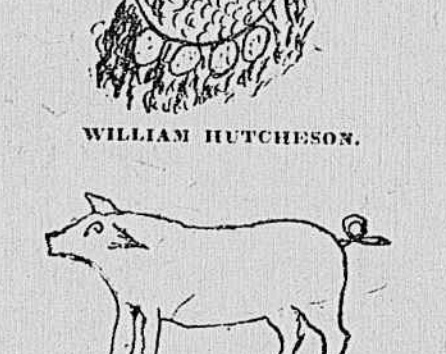
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